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Mr. Dangerfield'sA N S W E R  
AND  
D E F E N C E,

against a Scurilous Pamphlet, called

Duke Dangerfield's  
DECLARATION

**M**ost Honourable and Worthy Men of our Antient *Rumps, Associati-  
ons, Cabals, and Bill of Exclusion-Men.* To all the Honourable So-  
ciety of my Brothers and Sister-hood, that are as free as my self, of the  
*Sticks, Whipping-posts, Carts, Arse, Syng'd in the Hand, Pillor'd for Perjury;*  
*Atraigned for Clipping and Coining Counterfeit Guineys.* To all the *Bullyes,*  
*Pimps, Padders, Pick-locks, Pick-pockets, Shop-lifts, Bauds, Whores, Knights*  
*of the Post, &c.* To all my *Confederates,* in all the *Goals* in the three King-  
doms; all which you know I have been free of this many years.

To you all, I declare by the Eternal G— and upon the Word of a  
D— that, that Scurilous Pamphlet called *Dangerfield's Declaration;* (First,  
striking it of all the Truths) is a most palpable and malicious Lye: He  
tells you a Tale of *Stafford;* 'tis true, I have been in the *Goal* there many a  
time: But my Progress now into the Country, was in *Cornwell,* where I  
came into a good *Inn,* and I knew the Master to have a great kindness for  
his Grace. I fell to talking of the times; and in favour of our Protestant  
Prince, adding that I did not question, but that in a little time all things  
would fall out according to our Hearts desire; that *Mon—* would have  
his right in spite of all the Devils in Hell; But gave him a great Charge to  
keep a close Mouth; I walked up and down the Room in a careless melan-  
cholly dejected, yet Majestick manner; my Landlord *Cheek by Jowl,* and by  
unwilful mistake, upon a sudden I let my Coat fall of one side, so that the  
Star appeared, to the great Astonishment of the *Inn-keeper,* and I appeared  
to be as much surprized; and so we stood gazing in admiration upon one  
another, till the good Man transported with Zeal and Compassion for me;  
Crys out, *God Bless your Grace! God Bless your Grace!* Being down upon his  
Marrow-bones, I out with my Sword, laid it over his Head; Rise up Sir  
*John* quoth I, I'll give thee an Estate according to thy Quality, as soon as

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ever I am placed in my Throne : This swelled up *Sr. John* with so much Generosity, that he importuned me to except of Twenty *Guineys* which lay by to pay his Rent; then we sup'd together; and *Sr. John* pay'd Beverage for his Tittle till he went Drunk to Bed : Then I tell to touching my Lady and her two Daughters for the supposed *Evil*; and my Man touched the two Maids for the *Evil* to come; but the next Morning *Sr. John* was so vain Glorious, that he ran to one of his Neighbours that was as zealous for his Grace as himself; who began as usually to cry *Jack*, how is't Old Boy? *Sr. John* then began to take State upon him, and desired him for the future to shew him Respect according to his Quality : For by G—, Sir quoth he I am a Knight; so told him the whole story, which struck his Neighbour into Amazement, and finding such an opportunity immediately came running with Twenty *Guineys* more, desiring me, almost forcing me to except of 'em, expecting Knight-hood also : But I being somewhat sparing of those great favours, I told him I would remember his Kindness at a more convenient time; and just as I withdrew my self in to the next Room, in comes *Sir John's* Landlord for his Twenty *Guineys* Rent, (thus) come, come *Jack*; my twenty *Guineys* *Jack*, my twenty *Guineys* *Jack*.

*Sr. John* starts up, Sir, do you know who you speak to; Sir you shall find that I am a Knight, and designs to be Knight of the Shire : His Grace the Protestant Prince hath Knighted me; and I have given him the twenty *Guineys*, and if I had a thousand more he should have them all : He'll give me a Protection by and by, and I'll pay no Man a Penny : Then the Landlord began to stamp, and cry'd Z—— give me my Money—— Wist, wist, quoth *Sr. John*, his Grace is in the next Room; Rot him for a Rogue, give me my Moneys : Was that he that I saw here yester day? Yes quoth *Sir John*; Ah, ah, ah, ah,— said the Landlord, thou art Knighted with a Pox to thee : Why Man 'tis Perjured *Dangerfield*, the most Notorious Cheat in the three Kingdoms : There's neither a *Gibbet* nor *Whipping-post* in the Universe but Cracks at the Name of him. I hearing of this steps out at the back Door, calls my Man to bring our Horses, finding my self Discovered I did not think it convenient to loose much time; we mounted in a Minute and posted away, and *Sr. John* ran after us, crying, my Landlord abuses your Grace, my Landlord abuses your Grace, my Landlord abuses your Grace; then I made a stop, and told *Sr. John* that upon the word of a Protestant Prince I would call as I came back and right both my self and him : But I no sooner got to Town but I was clap'd up, and this all is in part that I suffer Imprisonment and undergo all these Indignities for.

Yet were I sure to be gratified as well for swearing Truth, as *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*, &c. were for swearing them into *Shaftsburys Plot* : I could tell you a pretty many Intreagues that past amongst us : *Sr. W. Waller* would make a Body smile. My Beloved, I remember one Notable Contract that we made just before we opened our Plot, it was General from the Chief Plot-master, to the meanest Affidavi-man, that we should never Repent at our Death, whether it happen at *Tyburn* or elsewhere; nor do not you expect it from me, whether I be Hang'd before or after Otes,

so Farewel.

